THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840.]

"And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet."—MATT. 24: 6.

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A MISSIONARY IN ASIA MINOR.

BY J. WILFORD BOOTH, PRESIDENT OF THE TURKISH MISSION, WRITTEN FROM CONSTANTINOPLE, NOVEMBER 7, 1904.

SINCE writing concerning the invitation to visit the village of Kapu Kaya near the shores of the Black Sea, my travels have been directed in that line, until suddenly turned from my course by a set of armed officers, who took me in charge for a few days.

Before leaving Sivas, on October 11th, I had the pleasure of witnessing what seems to me a great change in the hearts of many people towards the work of the Lord, as represented by the Latter-day Saints. Very hopeful prospects are before us, and my earnest prayer is that the spirit of truth and light may lead our friends to see the beauty of the everlasting Gospel as taught in its fulness by a people of whom they have so long entertained false notions. One thing that has assisted largely in breaking down prejudice against us is the exhibition of Utah views through a small stereoscope, and with this a brief historical explanation. So helpful have they been, that I am now working to get a lantern and a more complete set of views with which, not one alone, but whole audiences can be given the privilege of seeing the progress of the Saints since the organization of the Church.

I was seven days on the trip from Sivas to Samsoun, which is the most important port on the south coast of the Black Sea. During this time I spent one day and two nights in each of the cities of Tokat, Amassia, and Mersovan, distributing tracts and talking to the crowds of people. While there is still opposition on the one hand, there is a very friendly and encouraging feeling on the part of those who are "more noble," and are not "moved with envy."

Just as in Paul's day, so we have them yet who take unto them "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort," and "set all the city in an uproar"; and so we have them also who "search the Scriptures daily whether these things are so.'

One night I was a lonely guest in a Mohammedan village, and was treated very kindly by the teacher and by the religious leader, to whom I preached the Gospel in their own school rooms during an informal chat for several hours. (Here I am tempted to give you a write-up of the peculiar features of this great religion, and the devout followers who meet five times each day for prayer, but I can't persume to impose on your time like that, for it would take ten STARS to tell it.)

On my arrival at Samsoun I put up at the large hotel near the shore and the shipping agencies. In this hotel, run by a Greek, I was treated most kindly by all. There was a wealthy Islam there who was on his way to Constantinople from serving a three years term as Mayor of Charshambi, a city one day east of Samsoun, in which district lies the village I wished to visit. This ex-mayor listened often to my story of the "Mormons" and their doctrine, and was frequently heard praising us to other patrons of the hotel.

On October 24th, I went to Charshambi, arriving just at dark. My guide took me to the home of a very noted merchant, an Armenian Protestant, whose name I had learned, and was told to see him for instructions concerning the way to the people in Kapu Kaya. They almost outriveled the "good Samaritan" in the warm reception they accorded me. I had some bread along for the road, but they insisted that my guide take that, as they had bread, and it would be a shame for a stranger to eat of anything except at their hospitality. This good Christian's (?) name was Toros Agha. I soon learned that "someone had blundered," for they mistook me for another man for whom they seemed to have been looking. On learning who I was—a Mormon missionary—the temperature of their hospitality immediately fell to zero, aye, far below. Under the hypocritical guise of kindness I was turned over to a Mohammedan cafe without even a crumb of bread from that rich man's table, and my satchel and bed were sent after as a token of their kindness (?).

Officials, as well as common people on hearing of it, denounced the act as very despicable, and it made sympathisers for me.

The next day I notified the police that I was on my way to Kapu Kaya, five hours' ride, and was soon on my horse making for the mountains. It was a pleasant ride through fields and forests, along the green banks of rivers, past flocks and herds, and by the doors of cabins in the woods, where fleecy curls of smoke made milky ways between the earth and the cloudless sky above. Coming down the tree-clad hills before us we heard the merry song of mingling voices like "nutting time," and as we neared, just at the turn of the road, we were held up by four or five officers in charge of ten prisoners, both men and women. Without ceremony I was ordered back to Charshambi, but I "stood on the order" and made some delay. I alighted and began a legal argument, and at last plainly told them I would not mount except at their own expense and responsibility, and they were to take me as a prisoner in violation of the law.

Well, they took me, and I was held in charge at a hotel. The next morning

I appeared before the Kaymakem (mayor), who ordered me into the police court where I was kept all day. I asked to send a telegram to our Vice-Consul at Samsoun, but that was refused. So the next day I was brought back to the latter place. Our Vice-consul, Mr. Stephapoulos, is now working to bring the uncivilized and impolite actions to the attention of higher officials, who we hope will bring the inferiors to the sense of their duties.

While I was not permitted to preach the Gospel in Kapu Kaya, yet I am happy over the result of my endeavor, for the affair has made much talk and many friends for us. I think the next Elder that goes that way will receive better treatment.

I am now in Constantinople waiting for a few days for mail, and will distribute tracts and converse with people while here.

I am invited by one of the leading ministers of this city, to hold a conversation with him next Wednesday. This same minister gave me ten shillings six years ago, saying, "I wish we were all like you, preaching without salary." Last evening I called on another noted preacher, and had a few minutes talk, but my questions and statements receiving unsatisfactory replies, the gentleman excused himself, saying he had other business.

I shall try to get an article in the paper here as I did on my former mission. The article then was the means of meeting a number of prominent people in the city. I feel to rejoice in the Gospel, and thank the Lord for the experiences I am having.

EXPERIENCES OF AN ELDER.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ELDER WILLIAM GIBSON DURING HIS MINISTRY IN GREAT BRITAIN, 1841-51.

(*Continued from page 727.*)

In the west of Scotland I had baptized a farmer, his wife, his father, and some other members of the household. This brother had a neighbor, a brick and tile-maker, whose yard came close to the farm. This man professed great friendship for this brother and myself. He had attended meetings in the brother's house, and desired us to come to his house and have a talk with him. After we had arrived, he sent out for some of his neighbors, farmers and their servants, who were all Protestants. He then called in his own laborers—and he had a good many—who were all Catholics.

We had not been in the house very long before I began to see that our good friend the brick-maker had desired to set a trap for me. By bringing these religionists together, he thought I had fallen into the trap, which would end in a ducking for me in one of the nearby clayholes. I said nothing, however, but I quietly surveyed the people present and decided that the Catholics were the most numerous and most like fighting men. So I decided to secure their friendship first, if I could do so without swerving from the truth—at all events to do my duty and trust in the Lord for consequences.

I began by speaking on the authority of the priesthood, at all times a matter of contention between Catholics and Protestants. I asked the Protestants who gave John Calvin and Martin Luther their authority? Who baptized them? The Church of Rome, certainly. Who ordained them and gave them

the priesthood, if they had any? The Church of Rome. Why did these men leave the Church of Rome? They said, because the Church had become corrupt. Then, can a clean church come from one that is unclean? If the Roman Church was corrupt, was her baptism good? If it was unclean, was its priesthood pure? Whichever way these questions were answered, a church that had power to give had also power to take away, which power it exercised when Luther and others were excommunicated, which left them without any authority, either good or bad. Then, as these reformers declare that God has not given any more revelation since the days of the Apostles, the churches founded by them and their parsons are still without authority."

All the while I was speaking, I could hear the Catholics whisper: "That's into them," "What will they say to that?" etc., while the Protestants were not at all pleased. After I had spoken for some time, one of the Catholics turned to me and said: "Now, having got through with the Protestants, what are you going to say about our church?"

I turned to the gentleman, for he was a gentleman, though covered with mud and clay, and I said: "Your Church may have been at one time the true Church of Christ, but through a long succession of ages, errors and false doctrines have crept in, until now it is not the Church of Christ nor owned by Him."

"Well, then, tell me wherein it is wrong?"

"Let us begin with baptism. Who gave your church authority to baptize infants?"

"Why," said my friend, "did not Christ command His Apostles to preach the Gospel to every creature, and baptize them? Are not infants creatures?"

"Yes, my friend, infants are creatures, and so are the dumb animals of the field. You yourself would say it would be folly to apply this commandment to them; and yet they are about as capable of understanding a man's preaching as an infant. The Gospel is to be preached to those who can understand and believe what is said, and if they believe, they are to be baptized."

"But," said the man, "the church has power to alter the laws, for did not Christ change the law of Moses. He had the power, and He gave it to the Church when He said to His Apostles, 'As my Father sent me, even so I send you,' etc. If Christ had power to alter the laws which were before Him, He gave the same power to the Church."

"But my friend, Christ did not alter the laws of Moses—He only fulfilled them. All the laws of sacrifice pointed forward to the coming of Christ, to be fulfilled in His coming and sacrifice. When fulfilled, they were no longer needed, but in their place He restored the Everlasting Gospel to enable men to progress and become perfect, which they could never do under the law of Moses."

The Catholics now cried out "You are worse than the Protestants."

"Yes, such a doctrine can only lead people to hell," said the Protestants.

I saw that I must again try to divide them, so I said to the Protestants: "Yes, to your hell—that fire into which you declare an unrepentant person is tumbled the moment he dies, without hope of ever being redeemed; and after he has been in the flames for a few thousand years, he is to be taken out at the day of judgment and tried to see if he should ever have been sent there at all. What a spectacle you make of religion, from the top of the

topless throne to the bottom of the bottomless pit. I believe that when people die they go to the Spirit world, where they await their trial at the day of judgment, when everyone will receive according to his works."

"He is a good Catholic yet," they cried, "for he believes in purgatory."

At this time, although I did not know it then, there was a rather bitter controversy going on between the Protestant parson and the Catholic priest of the neighboring town on the question: "Is Marriage a Sacrament?" The Catholic gentleman with whom I had spoken now turned to me and asked:

"How many sacraments does your Church believe in?"

"We believe in several," I replied, "but we generally call them ordinances. We believe in baptism, the Lord's supper, laying on of hands for confirmation and the healing of the sick—"

"Do you believe that marriage is one?" he asked.

"Certainly," I said, "and a very important one."

He gave me a tap on the shoulder and exclaimed, "Now, sir, I say you are a good Catholic," to which the rest assented.

At this point I told them all that as I had walked a long way that day, and had talked much, I was tired. "So I will bid you good night," I said, "and God bless you."

My brother and I took up our hats and went out, amid the good wishes of the Catholics and the frowns of the Protestants. We were not followed or molested in any way.

One Sabbath evening, while I was preaching in Edinburgh on the gathering of Israel, I had in the congregation a so-called converted Jew—one who had professed Christianity. He was attending college preparing himself to become a missionary to the Jews. At the close of the meeting he came to the stand and said he desired a conversation with me, and he would be pleased if I would come and take tea with him at his lodgings next day.

At the appointed time I called, and after tea we settled ourselves for a talk. I told him that, as he was the first converted Jew I had ever met, I should like to put a few questions to him, and in return I was willing to answer any question he might wish to ask me. He agreed to this.

"Well, then," said I, "do you really believe in the doctrine taught by the church of Scotland? Although I have been born and brought up here, I never could believe some of these teachings. For instance, do you believe in the church's doctrine of the Trinity, that one person is three persons, and that three persons are one person at the same time."

"You must own that there are many things concerning God that may be true, although far above our comprehension," he replied; "and this is one of them."

"That there are some truths which are far above our present comprehension, I truly believe," I replied, "for without revelation from God concerning Himself and spiritual things, man could never find or understand them, but truth is as eternal as God Himself. He never created truth, but only reveals it. So when we have proved anything to be true, that thing has been true through all eternity that has past, and will be true through all eternity to come. Now, one of these eternal truths is that two and one are three when added together, and neither God nor man can make it more or

less. Neither can a Father nor the Son of that Father be one and the same person. If, then, there is more than one person in the Godhead, to declare that there is only one must be a falsehood."

My listener gave me no reply, but arose from his chair and walked up and down the room, apparently much agitated. When he sat down again, he changed the subject of conversation.

I saw him once after this, when he asked me what salary our Church allowed for missionaries.

"None at all," I replied, "We are sent out as Christ sent His disciples, 'without purse or scrip,' to trust in God for what we need."

"Ah," he said, "that would never do for me"; and that was the last I ever saw of him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BOOK OF MORMON IN JAPANESE.

ELDER ALMA O. TAYLOR, missionary to Japan, is engaged in translating the Book of Mormon into the Japanese language. The *Deseret News* prints a letter from him written to his father, wherein he tells of the peculiar difficulties the work presents. We quote:

"My work of translating the Book of Mormon will keep me busy during the coming winter. I enjoy this work of translation, but it is by no means easy. The Japanese language is still quite a knotty question with us, requiring a large amount of study and close application. I am convinced that the Japanese do not know their own language. In preparing the last tract, I had a friend go over one part and correct it, and then had another friend of about the same education as the first, go over it. The second man's criticisms of the first man's writings were equally as numerous as the one made on my writings. It is simply a matter of taste, with few rules to go by. Considering all things, I feel that the Lord is abundantly blessing us in learning the language. We are now able to make ourselves understood when talking on the principles of the Gospel, and bearing our testimonies. Were it not that I have to write in the difficult Chinese characters which the Japanese use, I could make about double the headway that I do. It takes me as long to write a chapter in these characters as it does to translate a chapter, but the characters form the written language, and they are in the bargain, when we undertake to write in this language, so I will not complain. Really, the use of the characters has become exceedingly interesting to me. The character reveals the meaning of the word, and consequently is invaluable. Often I find it necessary to construct a word in order to express a meaning peculiar to our religion, and while the native hangs his head and manifests a somewhat puzzled face at the mention of the word, he brightens up and nods his head approvingly when he sees the characters with which the word is constructed.

"As an illustration of how we have to find new words occasionally to express our peculiar ideas, I might refer you to the word 'soul.' The Prophet Joseph Smith, in defining its meaning, states that the spirit and the body together form the soul of man. On one occasion I desired to speak of the

soul with this meaning to one of the Saints, and I used the word 'Mitama.' The Saint was a little puzzled to know what I meant, for the word 'Mitama' is used in referring to the Spirit of the Lord, and he could not understand how the word referred to 'man's' spirit of the Lord. I saw the perplexed look and asked if my word 'Mitama' was understood. The reply was negative, so I took a pencil and wrote the characters for 'soul,' which made what I was saying perfectly clear. You will notice that the first character of 'Mitama'—'soul' (here follows the characters in Japanese), is different from the first character of 'Matima,' Spirit of the Lord (here follows the second character), while the last character is the same in both. The pronunciation of the two words being identical and the difference being clearly manifested in the characters. The Japanese written language is no doubt one of the most flexible tongues in the world, and this is due to the use of the characters. When I commenced this letter I did not intend to give you a lesson in Japanese, but if you learn this lesson well you will have scored your first triumph in the language."

THE RESURRECTION OF THE SONS OF PERDITION.

QUESTION: Will the sons of perdition be permitted to take their bodies at the resurrection, as will the rest of the sons and daughters of Adam?

Answer: The word of the Lord as contained in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants (section 29, verse 26,) declares:

"But, behold, verily I say unto you, before the earth shall pass away, Michael, mine archangel shall sound his trump; then shall the dead awake, for their graves shall be opened, and they shall come forth; *yea, even all.*"

The following extracts are from the writings of Elder C. W. Penrose:

"Death came into the world in the beginning because the divine law was broken. It passed upon all the decendants of the transgressor. Christ gave Himself a sacrifice for that sin. As by one came death, so by one will come life, 'As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.' (I Cor. xv: 52.) As the sons and daughters of Adam were not personally engaged in or responsible for the transgression which brought death, so they are not required to do anything in the work which will restore them to life. The resurrection will be as broad as the death. The raising up will be co-extensive with the effects of the fall. But when through Christ, the resurrection is accomplished, the dead, small and great, who are thus brought up and redeemed from the grave, will be judged according to their works" (Rev. xx.)

"The resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth was 'the firstfruits of them that slept.' All persons who have breathed the breath of life will also be raised from the dead, receiving their bodies again from the dead as He did. But every one in his order. Those who have put on Christ by obeying His Gospel, will be Christ's at His coming, and will be quickened by His glory—the celestial, typified by the sun. After a lapse of a day with the Lord—a thousand of our years—the rest of the dead will come forth, some in the terrestrial glory, typified by the moon, and others in the telestial glory, typified by the stars in in the different magnitudes. The rest in a kingdom not of any degree of glory. All will be judged according to their works."—JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1904.

EDITORIAL.

THE MARRIAGE TIE.

THE question of marriage, with all its attendant themes, is a matter for ever-renewable discussion; old it is, yet ever new, even as is the tie that binds human hearts together.

The latest contribution to the discussion is a very startling suggestion made by the English novelist, Mr. George Meredith, and it has set the world a-talking. He is reported to have said to a representative of the London *Daily Mail*:

"It is a question to my mind whether a young girl, married, say at eighteen, utterly ignorant of life, knowing little, as such a girl would of the man she is marrying, or of any other man at all, should be condemned to live with him for the rest of her life. She falls out of sympathy with him, say has no common taste with him, no real communication with him. The life is nearly intolerable. Yet many married women go on with it from habit, or because the world terrorizes them."

The suggestion is then made that "one day the present condition of marriage will be changed. Marriage will be allowed for a certain period, say ten years—or, well, I do not want to specify any particular time. The state will see that sufficient money is put by during that time to provide for and educate children; perhaps the state will take care of this fund."

Of course, this startling statement has raised many objectors, and the proposition has been termed "cold-blooded," "revolutionary," and "uncivilized"—as well it may. However, the suggestion is an indication of the times, and strong proof that the devil has yet power over the hearts and lives of men and women.

Divorce is on the increase, and marriage, in two many instances, is a failure. Immorality is the greatest curse of the age, and it grows no less, notwithstanding the teachings of religious leaders and teachers against it. Christian marriage is considered a sacred institution, and yet marriages are contracted and annuled as though they were matters of small importance. There is surely something lacking in the worldly marriage tie that so often fails to bind.

And what is this lack? what is the reason for this weakness? There are, no doubt, many causes; but there is one, at least, which the world has en-

tirely overlooked. Perhaps the blame lies with the teachers of mankind, and with the Christian teachers at that. In their ignorance of the doctrines of the Gospel, and their lack of the powers of the priesthood of God, they have placed the covenant of marriage among the things that have an end when life's few years are past. Though by many it is classed as a sacred and holy institution, yet they have limited it to this earth only. Though divine, they have made it cease with human life. Though coming from God, and infinite with Him, they have bounded it within narrow limitations.

Two souls enter life. Alone, they are not complete, for "neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord"; so they seek and find each other's complement. Together they travel the journey of life; together they brave the storms; together they glide happily over the sun-kissed seas. In weal or in woe, they share with each other. Their love, born by a union of hearts, becomes greater year by year, strengthened by the entwining links of children and family ties. Weaknesses they have, but each helps the other to overcome them. Life is a school, and man and wife are interchangeable teacher and pupil. Through a process of struggle and sacrifice, the secret springs of their natures are touched, and the strength and beauty of the soul is brought to view. Life's lessons distil into their hearts strength of character, and the links that bind them grow stronger and stronger. Yet they are only beginning to know each other, beginning to sound the depths of each other's love, when lo! death comes, and they are at the end of their journey as man and wife. If there is anything beyond the grave, any journey to still continue, it must be made alone; for did not the minister, the supposed servant of God, and officiating in His name, pronounce them man and wife only "*until death do you part.*"

No, no!—the very soul cries out—surely not. God would not be so unkind as to end it all now. For what, then, has all this schooling been? The tie, surely, is not forever broken at the grave? Surely, it is a sacred thing, existing with God's blessing and sanction, and strong enough to bridge over the valley of death to the light-encircled hills of God on the other side? Other sacraments and religious rites, it has been taught, are essential to the soul's salvation, not only for this life, but into the eternities. Yet they appear trivial in comparison to this—this blending of two lives into one, this most solemn, most beautiful of God's gifts to man.

Why should the choicest of earth's flowers be excluded from heaven? What is the use in building with great care and toil a beautiful house, if, after it is completed, it is to be swept away into utter and irretrievable ruin?

"God is love"—love in the full, rounded, and complete meaning of the term—and He has implanted in every heart of every child of His these attributes in embryo. Love has a domestic, a sentimental, a physical, a moral, and a spiritual signification, and all these, meeting, mingling, blending, and becoming perfected in the united man and wife, become the one great and infinite force that binds them together forever.

The world has been taught to look upon marriage as an institution for this life only. But for this life only, why not for a part of life? and then again, why not for a limited period? and so the proposition easily narrows down to something akin to George Meredith's idea. Cut at death the tie that

binds man and wife, and we rob it of its greatest strength to hold them together during life; but when men and women begin to comprehend the importance of the marriage covenant when it is made for time and eternity and sealed by the authority of God, they will have one of the strongest incentives to the keeping of that covenant pure and holy. They will see the necessity of learning to be steadfast, patient, temperate, forgiving, and also the need of driving from the heart every vestige of cruelty, deceit, or lust.

But, says Meredith, the young girl who marries is "utterly ignorant of life," and, therefore, she is as likely as not to make a mistake in her choice of a husband. Must then, this step be taken in the dark, in uncertainty and in doubt, with fear that the results may be disastrous? Is there nothing to help the young man or young woman to some degree of surety in this most critical period of their lives?

In reply, these questions are pertinent, at least to the Latter-day Saints: What is the Gospel of Jesus Christ for? For what purpose is prayer? What is the object of the Church and the Priesthood? What is the Holy Ghost for, if not to "guide into all truth," to impart "the word of wisdom" and "the word of knowledge"? "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

"What," some may exclaim, "should we pray to God about our love affairs?" Why not? You go to Him with ever so many trivial things, asking for His blessing and the guidance of His Spirit; and yet you doubt the propriety of seeking counsel from your Heavenly Father regarding an event that will to a great degree make or mar your lives.

Among the many truths which the Lord has revealed to the earth through the Prophet Joseph Smith, there is none more beautiful or more comforting than the one regarding the eternity of the marriage covenant; and the Latter-day Saints cannot be too grateful for it, cannot cherish it too sacredly. The people of the world may have their marriage problems to solve, and they will have them as long as they grope in the dark; but there are no such "problems" to the faithful Latter-day Saint. "God is love"—both in this world and in the world to come. "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder"—neither in life nor in death. "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever." Death does not break the tie that has been bound by an authorized servant of God. The two may separate for a time, but in the life to come there will be a happy reunion, and a continuation of that life of love which was begun in the distant past. Then the man and the woman, "in the image of God," will go hand in hand into their everlasting inheritance in the Celestial World, to live and to love forever.

And this is the Saints' glorious hope—this is the tie that binds.

N. A.

Release.—Elder Robert L. Anderson of the Liverpool office is honorably released to return home November 26th, 1904, per s.s. *Canadian*. Elder Anderson's work has been in the emigration department of the office, and he has discharged his labors with marked ability and diligence.

Departures.—The following missionaries sailed from Liverpool, for Boston, November 19th, 1904, per s.s. *Bohemian*. With the party was a

company of emigrating Saints, numbering forty-one. Elder Helquist was in charge. From Great Britain—Edward A. Morgan, Edward T. Capener, Samuel Armatage, Alfred F. Dixon. From Germany—Fred. O. Kotter, Guy A. Wilson. From Scandinavia—Peter Nordquist, John P. Johnson, Alfred B. Helquist, Joseph W. Peterson.

NOTES FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

A DISTRICT MEETING was held at Derby, on November 13, 1904. Two successful meetings were held, and there was a number of investigators in attendance. The Spirit of the Lord was greatly enjoyed. The visiting Elders and Saints were commendably entertained by the Saints and friends of Derby.

PRESIDENT HUGH J. CANNON of the Swiss and German mission reports that he has recently made a tour of the Austrian and German parts of the mission, and has met all the Elders in these fields. He says the conditions there are very much better than he expected to find them. The Elders are adapting themselves to the new methods, and there are investigators in every field. In many parts, an extra fine class of people are studying the Gospel. There were nineteen baptisms during the month of October.

A SUCCESSFUL district meeting was held in the Deseret Hall of the Southampton branch of the Church, November 20, 1904. President Hoopes and other Elders were present, and the attendance consisted of a goodly number of Saints and investigators. The Southampton branch is reported to be in a flourishing condition, and prospects are bright. On the same date an enjoyable meeting was held in the Lye district of the Birmingham conference. President Creer and a number of Elders were present.

ELDER EDWARD T. CAPENER, who has been laboring in the Leeds conference, tells of an incident which recently came under his observation. A well-to-do merchant by chance received Elder Capener's personal card, on which he found printed the Articles of Faith. "I should like to see the man," the merchant remarked, "who is so loyal to his religion that he has the articles of his faith printed on his personal card." Of course, this opportunity was afforded him, and a long and very pleasant Gospel conversation was the result.

A FAREWELL party was given in the Temperance Hall, Bradford, on Saturday evening, November 12th, 1904, in honor of President Edward A. Morgan prior to his returning home. A similar expression of appreciation and respect was tendered Elder Edward T. Capener by the members and investigators of the Halifax branch, on Monday evening, November 14th, 1904. Both meetings were well attended by the Saints and a large number of investigators, who seemed very much impressed by the way the Elders of the Church leave their homes to preach the Gospel.

"I AM pleased to report the encouraging condition of the Sheffield conference,"

writes President William Moss, under date of November 15th, 1904. "The Elders are united, and with the assistance of the Saints, are doing all they can to further the truth.

"The people are seeing the blessings attending those who are living the Gospel, as many new tithe-payers are added to our list.

"Sunday, November 13th, 1904, we held a baptism at the Upper Thorps baths, Sheffield, and expect to hold others in the near future, as there are a number of investigators in the outside districts who have applied for baptism.

"We have reorganized the Mutual Improvement association in the Sheffield district, with Brother Albert E. Foster as president, and Brother William H. Robinson, and Sister Laura Buckley as his assistants. All seem to be taking an interest as the meetings are well attended. The manual that deals with the first principles of the Gospel has been chosen as a course of study for this winter. At the end of each month a social will be given under the direction of the Mutual, which we believe will be the means of our becoming acquainted with people we cannot otherwise reach."

Elder Brigham E. Griffiths writes from Gainsborough under date of November 15, 1904:

"We held a baptismal service at the public baths in this city last night at eight o'clock, at which one more member was added to the fold of Christ. The doors were thrown open to the public, and the people seemed to appreciate the opportunity afforded them of witnessing the performance of one of the Gospel's most sacred ordinances, as there were present about three hundred souls. We were under the necessity of applying to the Urban Council officers to obtain the use of the baths; and, as the proceedings of their meeting were published in the *Gainsborough News*, most of the people were notified of our baptism. Many were curious to know why we needed so much water, and why the ordinance could not be performed just as well in an ordinary bath-tub. We had with us President Bingham, and we devoted about forty-five minutes to explaining the object and importance of baptism; also the manner in which it must be performed, showing that the person who baptizes, and the one to be baptized, must both go down and stand in the water together, as did Philip and the eunuch, and that the one baptized must be completely immersed in the water—this being the only form of baptism known during the first two hundred years of the Christian era, and hence the only right form now—God, being no respecter of persons, and the Gospel of Christ unchangeable. It was also explained that unless the person officiating in the ordinance be properly called and set apart, "as was Aaron," the ordinance would be of no avail. The congregation was well behaved and great interest was manifested throughout. We feel that much good will result.

"Elder Cottam and I feel much encouraged in our work here. We are holding two cottage meetings per week, and at our hall meetings each Sunday night we have an audience of from forty to sixty persons. We have started a Sunday school, which has so far been successful. We have now four Saints here, and a number more have expressed a desire to be baptized in the near future."

A COLLISION AT SEA.

THE WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF THE S.S. "ARIZONA," WHICH COLLIDED WITH AN ICEBERG.

THE present associate editor of the STAR was a passenger on the s.s. *Arizona* when that vessel sailed from New York, September 5th, 1891. The first night out the vessel was struck amidships by a three masted ship; and the terrific shock which was then experienced is still remembered. Very little damage, however, was done, and the *Arizona* went on her way with but a dent in her side and about twenty feet of the railing torn away.

The porthole of the stateroom where four Elders lay sleeping was struck, and the glass flew over their beds. As they were suddenly awakened by the shock, and felt the pieces of glass one of them exclaimed: "Icebergs!"

He thought an iceberg had been struck; and later, when the excitement was somewhat abated, he told of the *Arizona's* experience with these dangers of the deep.

The incident is described by an article in the *Windsor Magazine* for August entitled, "The Peril of the Icebergs." After reading it, the MILLENNIAL STAR of December 1st, 1879, was examined, and there was found a letter written by Elder Henry A. Dixon to President William A. Budge, giving an account of the incident. Three other Elders were on the vessel, and the narrative adds but one more testimony to the truth, that notwithstanding the great amount of traveling the Latter-day Saints have done on the sea, the Lord has preserved them as in the hollow of His hand from the dangers of the deep. Elder Dixon's letter contains the following:

"On the evening of the 7th inst., about a quarter to nine o'clock, the engines ceased working; there was a sudden thud and shock. I rushed on deck, thinking we had struck a vessel, and expected to see the ship I had supposed we collided with go down. Looking over the bulwarks into the seething sea-foam, my attention was directed to the iceberg. I should have mistaken it for a white cloud, as it resembled one very much in appearance, being like a bluish ground with a mantle of snow for a covering. The order was given for the boats to be lowered. At this time there was a good deal of excitement. Myself and brethren united in prayer to the Lord for the perservation of the vessel and all on board. The spirit of prophecy came upon me. I felt to cheer and comfort the passengers, telling a number of them, in the name of the Lord, no lives would be lost, and the vessel would reach port in safety.

"By the collision the bow was stove in, there being a big hole, about thirty feet in depth and twenty feet in width, in the widest part. About fifteen tons of ice were jammed into her forecastle, and three sailors were buried in it. It was some time before they could be extricated, one being insensible when taken out. Fortunately, the vessel is constructed of the very best material, and has seven compartments.

"We return thanks to our heavenly Father for the preservation of our lives."

That part of the magazine article which deals with the *Arizona* accident is as follows:

"The most remarkable case on record of an iceberg collision is that of the Guion liner *Arizona*, in 1879. She was then the greyhound of the Atlantic, and the largest ship afloat—5,750 tons—except the *Great Eastern*. Leaving New York in November for Liverpool, with five hundred and nine souls aboard, she was coursing across the banks, with fair weather, but dark, when near midnight about 250 miles east of St. John's, she rammed a monster iceberg at full speed—eighteen knots. Terrific was the impact and indescribable the alarm. The passengers, flung from their berths, made for the deck as they stood, though some were so injured as to be helpless, and the calls of those forward, added to the shrieks of the frenzied mob of half-clad men and women who charged for the boats, made up a pandemonium. Wild cries arose that the ship was sinking, for she had settled by the head, and with piteous appeals and despairing exclamations the passengers urged the boats over, that they might escape the death they thought inevitable. But the crew were well in hand, the officers maintained order, and, a hurried examination being made, the forward bulkhead was seen to be safe. The welcome word was passed along that the ship, though sorely stricken, would still float until she could make harbor. The vast white terror had lain across her course, stretching so far each way that, when descried, it was too late to alter the helm. Its giant shape filled the foreground, towering high above the masts, grim, and gaunt, and ghastly, immovable as the adamantine buttresses of a frowning seaboard, while the liner lurched and staggered like a wounded thing in agony as her engines slowly drew her back from the rampart against which she had flung herself.

"She was headed for St. John's at slow speed, so as not to strain the bulkhead too much, and arrived there thirty-six hours later. That little port—the crippled ship's hospital—has seen many a strange sight come in from the sea, but never a more astounding spectacle than that which she presented the Sunday forenoon she entered there.

"'Begob, captain!' said the pilot, as he swung himself over the rail, 'I've heard of carrying coals to Newcastle, but this is the first time I've seen a steamer bringing a load of ice into St. John's.'

"They are a grim race, these sailors, and, the danger over, the captain's reply was: 'We were lucky, my man, that we didn't all go to the bottom in an ice-box.'

"Her deck and forepart were cumbered with great fragments of ice, weighing over two hundred tons in all, shattered from the berg when she was struck, being so wedged into the fractures and gaps as to make it unwise to start them until she was docked. The whole population of St. John's lined the water-front to witness her arrival. Her escape was truly marvelous, and the annals of marine adventure may be searched in vain for its equal. From toprail to keelson her bows were driven in, the gaping wound fully twenty feet wide, and the massive plates and ribs crumpled up like so many pieces of cardboard. All the ironwork was twisted into fantastic forms, the oak planking was smashed into splinters, the beams and stanchions which backed the bow were shattered and torn, and her stem-piece had been wrenched off when she had bitten into the berg. As the dead weight, including engines and cargo, must have been fully 10,000 tons, and this propelled through the water

at an eighteen-knot clip must have produced an enormous momentum, the wonder is that she was not ripped apart and sent to the bottom with all on board in the twinkling of an eye.

"That she was well built her experience attested. Had her forward bulkhead started and the water poured in, they must have abandoned her and taken to the boats, a most hazardous as well as unpleasant alternative. Everything fragile aboard her had been broken, and every human being had participated in a unique adventure, one which none wished repeated. She remained at St. John's some months, had a temporary wooden bow built into her, and then returned to New York for permanent repairs.

"Many curious incidents occurred in the panic, as always do on such occasions. A New York millionaire's wife rushed on deck barefooted and in her nightdress, drawing her stockings on her hands, and vainly endeavoring to find the fingers. A man appeared from the saloon with two gripsacks and a lifebuoy. He tossed this overboard first, then threw the bags after it, and was following himself when seized by a sailor. An elderly gentlemen with a weak heart fainted away in the saloon at the shock of the impact, and was found there when the passengers returned from the deck to clothe themselves. Recovering to see the anxious-faced, half-clad watchers about him, and believing for the moment that he was the concern, he deprecatingly observed: 'I am very sorry. Do not be alarmed. It is nothing, I assure you.'"

THE NEWCASTLE CONFERENCE.

The semi-annual Newcastle conference was held in Park Hall, Toward Road, Sunderland, November 20th, 1904. President Heber J. Grant of the European mission, President George E. Wilkins and eighteen traveling Elders of the conference were present.

After the usual opening exercises in the morning meeting, President Wilkins greeted the Saints and friends, and in brief stated the condition of the conference. He reported it to be in good condition generally. In most of the branches prospects are good, the Elders feel encouraged and are enthusiastic in their work. The statistical report for four months ending October 31st, 1904, was read as follows: Average number of tracts per Elder, 1,297; average books, 40; average conversations, 44; 547 indoor, and 169 outdoor meetings were held. Elder Horace T. Godfrey then spoke on the subject of obedience.

President Grant occupied the remainder of the time. He said we are indebted to our Heavenly Father for the knowledge which we have of the Gospel. We should be thankful for this knowledge and for the blessings which we enjoy. Exhorted the Saints to live so that their lives will yield an influence for good among the people of the world.

In the afternoon meeting, Elder William W. Hardy spoke on the religious confusion in the world, and the necessity of our being united. Elder Orson J. Hyde referred to the Gospel as taught by John the Baptist and our Savior.

President Grant spoke on the authenticity of the Bible, referring to many prophecies which it contains, and of their fulfillment. The Latter-day Saints accept the Bible, and ask the people to honestly and prayerfully compare its

teachings with the Gospel as taught by them. The seeds of truth planted by the Latter-day Saints are bringing forth the fruits of the Gospel.

In the evening meeting, Elder Albert Choules spoke on the atonement of our Savior, and its effects on us if we are faithful. Elder Edward A. Cottrell spoke on the Church organization.

President Grant bore a strong testimony to the divinity of the Prophet Joseph's mission, and of the work which he was instrumental in establishing upon the earth.

Our meetings were in every way successful, and a peaceful spirit prevailed throughout the day. Sacred music was rendered by Sister Alice Butler, and the Middlesbro' choir, with Elder Robert Hazen, Jr., as leader.

Saturday afternoon President Grant met with the Elders, and instructed them in their labors.

Monday evening the Elders, Saints, and friends, participated in a social gathering, and all had an enjoyable time.

J. Marlow Taylor, Clerk of Conference.

NOVEMBER.

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child—

Though day by day as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright, red roses,
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous, summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

Alice Cary.

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